

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

COPYRIGHT 1914 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invade the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, county judge and eccentric recluse, following a woman who has gained entrance through the gates of the high double barriers surrounding the place. The woman has disappeared but the judge is found in a cataleptic state. He dies. The judge's daughter, Miss Wexley, explains to him what has occurred during his absence. He secretly discovers the whereabouts of the woman. She leaves to be the wife of a man tried before the judge and sentenced for murder years before. Her daughter is engaged to the judge's son, from whom he is estranged, but the murder he between the lovers. She plans to clear her husband's memory and asks the judge's aid.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

FOUL CRIME IN DARK HOLLOW

ALGERNON ETHERIDGE, PROMINENT CITIZEN, WAYLaid AND MURDERED AT LONG BRIDGE.

DIRECT CLUE TO MURDERER

Stick With Which Crime Was Committed Easily Traced to Its Owner—Landlord of Claymore Tavern in the Toils—He Denies His Guilt.

"Last evening Shelby's clean record was blackened by outrageous crime. Some time after midnight a carter was driving home by Factory road, when, just as he was nearing Long bridge, he came upon the body of a man lying without movement and seemingly without life.

"Knowing that in all probability an hour might elapse before assistance could arrive in the shape of another passer-by, he decided to carry his story straight to Claymore tavern. It was fortunate his horses were headed that way instead of the other, or he might have missed seeing the skulking figure which slipped down into the ravine with a short cough, hurriedly choked back. He could not see the face or identify the figure, but he knew the cough. He had heard it a hundred times; and, saying to himself, 'That's John Scoville,' he whipped his horse up the hill and took the road to Claymore.

"And he was right. A dozen fellows started up at his call, but Scoville was not among them. He had been out for two hours; which, the carter having heard, he looked down, but said nothing except 'Come along, boys! I'll drive you to the turn of the bridge.'

"But just as they were starting Scoville appeared. He was hatless and disheveled and reeled heavily with liquor. He also tried to smile, which made the carter lean quickly down and with very little ceremony drag him up into the cart. So with Scoville amongst them they rode quickly back to the bridge, the landlord coughing, the men all grimly silent.

"One flash of the lantern told the dismal tale. The man was not only dead, but murdered. His forehead had been battered in with a knotted stick; all his pockets hung out empty; and from the general disorder of his dress it was evident that his watch had been torn away by a ruthless hand. But the face they failed to recognize till some people, running down from the upper town, where the alarm had by this time spread, sent up the shout of 'It's Mr. Etheridge! Judge Ostrander's great friend. Let some one run and notify the judge.'

"But the fact was settled long before the judge came upon the scene, and another fact, too. In beating the bushes they had lighted on a heavy stick. When it was brought forward and held under the strong light made by a circle of lanterns a big movement took place in the crowd. The stick had been recognized. Indeed, it was well known to all Claymore men. They had seen it in Scoville's hands a dozen times. Even he could not deny its ownership, explaining, 'I lost it in these woods this afternoon. I hadn't anything to do with this killing.'

"He had not been accused; but he found it impossible to escape after this, and at the instance of Coroner Haines he was carefully looked over and a small red ribbon found in and

of his pockets. He was immediately put under arrest and taken to the city lockup."

A later paragraph: "The detectives were busy this morning, going over the whole ground in the vicinity of the bridge.

"They were rewarded by two important discoveries. The impression of a foot in a certain soft place half-way up the bluff; and a small heap of fresh earth near by which, on being dug into, revealed the watch of the murdered man. The broken chain lay with it.

"The footprint has been measured. It coincides exactly with the shoe worn that night by the suspect."

"The prisoner continues to deny his guilt. The story he gives out is to the effect that he left the tavern some few minutes before seven o'clock, to look for his child, who had wandered into the ravine. He had his stick with him, for he never went out without it, but, finding it in his way, he leaned it against a tree.

"He crossed the bridge and took the path running along the edge of the ravine. In doing this he came upon the body of a man in the black recesses of the hollow, a man so evidently beyond all help that he would have hurried by without a second look if it had not been for the watch he saw lying on the ground close to the dead man's side.

"It was a very fine watch; it seemed better for him to take it into his own charge till he found some responsible person willing to carry it to police headquarters.

"He dashed into the woods, and, tearing up the ground with his hands, buried his booty in the loose soil, and made for home. Even then he had no intention of appropriating the watch, only of safeguarding himself, nor did he have any hand at all in the murder of Mr. Etheridge. This he would swear to, also, to the leaving of the stick where he said."

"Today John Scoville was taken to the tree where he insists he left his stick. The prisoner showed a sudden interest in the weapon and begged to see it closer. He pointed out where a splinter or two had been freshly whittled from the handle, and declared that no knife had touched it while it remained in his hands. But, as he had no evidence to support this statement, the impression made by this declaration is not likely to go far



He Was Hatless and Disheveled.

toward influencing public opinion in his favor."

Deborah sighed as she laid this clipping aside and took up another headed by a picture of her husband.

It was not an unhandy one. Indeed, it was his good looks which had prevailed over her judgment in the early days of their courtship. Reuther had inherited her harmony of feature from him—the chiseled nose, the well-modeled chin and all the other physical graces which had made him a fine figure behind his bar. He had had no business worries; yet his temper was always uncertain. She had not often suffered from it herself, for her ascendancy over men extended even to him. But Reuther had shrunk before it more than once.

what she wanted and found it. "Oh, Mr. Blank," she said, "what are the potatoes worth?" But he made no reply. Not he. "John," he called to a clerk inside, "John, come out here and tell the lady what potatoes are worth."

Value of Cheerfulness.

Who can estimate the medicinal power of one cheerful life in the home of one serene, balanced soul? The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomfort is the man who is sure to rise for it is what we do easily and what we like to do that we do well.

The most of us make our backs ache carrying useless, foolish burdens. We carry luggage and rubbish that are of no earthly use, but which sap our strength and keep us jaded and tired to no purpose. If we could only learn to hold on to the things worth while, and drop the rubbish—letting go the useless, the foolish, the silly, the hamperers, and the things that hinder—we should not only make progress, but we should also keep happy and harmonious.

Was not the man who could bring his hand down upon so frail and exquisite a creature as Reuther was in those days capable of any act of violence? Yes; but in this case he had been guiltless. She could not but concede this even while yielding to extreme revulsion as she laid his picture aside.

The next slip she took up contained a eulogy of the victim.

"The sudden death of Algernon Etheridge has been in more than one sense a great shock to the community. Though a man of passive, rather than active qualities, his scholarly figure, long, lean and bowed, has been seen too often in our streets not to be missed, when thus suddenly withdrawn."

"Why he should have become the target of Fate is one of the mysteries of life. His watch, which, aside from his books, was his most valuable possession, was the gift of Judge Ostrander. That it should be associated in any way with the tragic circumstances of his death is a source of the deepest regret to the unhappy donor."

This excerpt she hardly looked at; but the following she studied carefully:

"Judge Ostrander has from the first expressed a strong desire that some associate judge should be called upon to preside over the trial of John Scoville for the murder of Algernon Etheridge. But Judge Saunders' sudden illness and Judge Dole's departure for Europe have put an end to these hopes. Judge Ostrander will take his seat on the bench as usual next Monday. Fortunately for the accused, his well-known judicial mind will prevent any unfair treatment of the defense."

"The prosecution, in the able hands of District Attorney Foss, made all its points this morning. Unless the defense has some very strong plea in the background the verdict seems foredoomed. A dogged look has replaced the callous and indifferent sneer on the prisoner's face, and sympathy, if sympathy there is, is centered entirely upon the wife, the able, agreeable and bitterly humiliated landlady of Claymore tavern. She it is who has attracted the most attention during this trial, little as she seems to court it."

We omit further particulars which followed to save repetition; but they were carefully conned by Deborah Scoville. Also the following:

"The defense is in line with the statement already given out. The prisoner acknowledges taking the watch, but from motives quite opposed to those of thievery. Unfortunately he can produce no witnesses to substantiate his declaration that he had heard voices in the direction of the bridge while he was wandering the woods in search of his lost child. No evidence of any other presence there is promised or likely to be produced. It was thought that when his wife was called to the stand she might have something to say helpful to his case. She had been the one to ultimately find and lead home the child, and, silent as she had been up to this time, it has been thought possible that she might swear to having heard these voices also.

"But her testimony was very disappointing. She had seen nobody but the child, whom she had found playing with stones in the old rut. Though by a close calculation of time she could not have been far from Dark Hollow at the instant of the crime, yet neither on direct or cross examination could anything more be elicited from her than what has been mentioned above. Nevertheless, we feel obliged to state that, irreproachable as her conduct was on the stand, the impression she made was, on the whole, whether intentionally or unintentionally, unfavorable to her husband."

"Some anxiety was felt during the morning session that an adjournment would have to be called, owing to some slight signs of indisposition on the part of the presiding judge. But he rallied very speedily, and the proceedings continued without interruption."

"Ah!" The exclamation escaped the lips of Deborah Scoville as she laid this clipping aside. "I remember his appearance well. He had the ghost of one of those attacks, the full force of which I was witness to this morning. I am sure of this now, though nobody thought of it then. I happened to glance his way as I left the stand, and he was certainly for one minute without consciousness of himself or his surroundings. But it passed so quickly it drew little attention; not so the attack of today. What a misfortune rests upon this man. Will they let him continue on the bench when his full condition is known?" These were her thoughts, as she recalled that day and compared it with the present.

There were other slips, which she read. The fate of the prisoner was in the hands of the jury. The possibility suggested by the defense made no appeal to men who had the unfortunate prisoner under their eye at every stage of the proceedings. The shifty eye, the hangdog look, out-

weighed the plea of his cousin and the call for strict impartiality from the bench. He was adjudged guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentence called for.

This was the end; and as she read these words the horror which overwhelmed her was infinitely greater than when she heard them uttered in that fatal courtroom. For then she regarded him as guilty and deserving his fate, and now she knew him to be innocent.

When her eyelids finally obeyed the dictates of her will the first glimmering rays of dawn were beginning to scatter the gloom of her darkened chamber!

CHAPTER VI.

The Shadow.

Bela was to be buried at four. As Judge Ostrander prepared to lock his gate behind the simple cortège which was destined to grow into a vast crowd before it reached the cemetery, he was stopped by the sergeant, who whispered in his ear:

"I thought your honor might like to know that the woman—"

"Have you found out who she is?" "No, sir. The man couldn't very well ask her to lift her veil, and at the tavern they have nothing to say about her."

"It's a small matter. I will see her myself today and find out what she wants of me. Meanwhile remember that I leave this house and grounds



"Have You Found Out Who She Is?"

absolutely to your protection for the next three hours. I shall be known to be absent, so that a more careful watch than ever is necessary. Not a man, boy or child is to climb the fence. I may rely on you?" "You may, judge."

"On my return you can all go. I will guard my own property after today. You understand me, sergeant?" "Perfectly, your honor."

Spencer's Folly, to the judge, approaching it from the highway, was as ugly a sight as the world contained. He hated its arid desolation and all the litter of blackened bricks blocking up the site of former feastings and reckless merriment. Most of all, he shrank from a sight of the one corner still intact where the ghosts of dead memories lingered, making the whole place horrible to his eye and one to be shunned by all men. The cemetery from which he had come looked less lonesome to his eyes and far less ominous.

No sign remained of pillar or doorway—only a gap. Toward this gap he stepped, feeling a strange reluctance in entering it. But he had no choice. He knew what he should see. No, he did not know what he should see, for when he finally stepped in it was not an open view of the hollow which met his eyes, but the purple-clad figure of Mrs. Averill with little Peggy at her side. He had not expected to see the child, and standing as they were with their backs to him, they presented a picture which, for some reason to be found in the mysterious recesses of his disordered mind, was exceedingly repellent to him.

The noise he made should have caused Deborah's tall and graceful figure to turn. But the spell of her own thoughts was too great; and he would have found himself compelled to utter the first word, if the child, who had heard him plainly enough, had not dragged at the woman's hand and so woke her from her dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Optimist. When you hand a lemon to an optimist he will dig up a little sugar and a little something else and a little hot water and make himself comfortable.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

for several days, has become stranded on the beach, near Provincetown. Blackfish were very plentiful forty or fifty years ago, but after 1888 none were seen until in the fall of 1911. Blackfish are also called "plot whales," deriving this name from the fact that in a school one always acts as the guide. They are very valuable for the oil they produce. Each mammoth fish contains about a barrel of oil. A blackfish is a sort of miniature whale, varying in length from six to twenty-two feet, and weighing from 400 pounds to a ton each. Their skin is as smooth as satin and jet black. Years ago each fishing junky along the cape shore was equipped with its whaling equipment—dory, harpoons, try-pots and lances. Each time a school of the mammals was sighted there was a contest, in which the first on the scene was the winner.—Essex.

Blackfish in Cape Cod Bay. A school of blackfish which has been in the waters of Cape Cod bay

for several days, has become stranded on the beach, near Provincetown. Blackfish were very plentiful forty or fifty years ago, but after 1888 none were seen until in the fall of 1911. Blackfish are also called "plot whales," deriving this name from the fact that in a school one always acts as the guide. They are very valuable for the oil they produce. Each mammoth fish contains about a barrel of oil. A blackfish is a sort of miniature whale, varying in length from six to twenty-two feet, and weighing from 400 pounds to a ton each. Their skin is as smooth as satin and jet black. Years ago each fishing junky along the cape shore was equipped with its whaling equipment—dory, harpoons, try-pots and lances. Each time a school of the mammals was sighted there was a contest, in which the first on the scene was the winner.—Essex.

Blackfish in Cape Cod Bay. A school of blackfish which has been in the waters of Cape Cod bay

for several days, has become stranded on the beach, near Provincetown. Blackfish were very plentiful forty or fifty years ago, but after 1888 none were seen until in the fall of 1911. Blackfish are also called "plot whales," deriving this name from the fact that in a school one always acts as the guide. They are very valuable for the oil they produce. Each mammoth fish contains about a barrel of oil. A blackfish is a sort of miniature whale, varying in length from six to twenty-two feet, and weighing from 400 pounds to a ton each. Their skin is as smooth as satin and jet black. Years ago each fishing junky along the cape shore was equipped with its whaling equipment—dory, harpoons, try-pots and lances. Each time a school of the mammals was sighted there was a contest, in which the first on the scene was the winner.—Essex.

Blackfish in Cape Cod Bay. A school of blackfish which has been in the waters of Cape Cod bay

for several days, has become stranded on the beach, near Provincetown. Blackfish were very plentiful forty or fifty years ago, but after 1888 none were seen until in the fall of 1911. Blackfish are also called "plot whales," deriving this name from the fact that in a school one always acts as the guide. They are very valuable for the oil they produce. Each mammoth fish contains about a barrel of oil. A blackfish is a sort of miniature whale, varying in length from six to twenty-two feet, and weighing from 400 pounds to a ton each. Their skin is as smooth as satin and jet black. Years ago each fishing junky along the cape shore was equipped with its whaling equipment—dory, harpoons, try-pots and lances. Each time a school of the mammals was sighted there was a contest, in which the first on the scene was the winner.—Essex.

Blackfish in Cape Cod Bay. A school of blackfish which has been in the waters of Cape Cod bay

Leopard Plush Motor Coat With Hood



NO wonder the devotees of motoring are braving the coldest weather. They may envelop themselves from crown to toe in cold-proof coats having hoods attached made of the same material as the coat. The fur fabrics that have had so great a vogue this season have been developed in patterns especially suited to midwinter motor coats. These plushes are used also for lining coats of other fabrics, and are as warm as skins.

Fetching and unusual is the coat of leopard plush pictured here. The youthful motorist looks as cozy as a kitten in it. It is a long straight garment of the simplest outlines, comfortably roomy. The sleeves and yoke are cut in one, and the skirt part allows plenty of room in walking.

A broadtail plush is used to make deep plain cuffs, and as an inlay on a small neckpiece that fastens about the throat. The hood is a close-fitting cap with a wide bonnetlike border turned back at the front and trimmed with a flat bow of broadtail. The coat is double breasted, fastened with a large button at the top and in the front.

Smart coats for warmer climes are made with more concessions to new style features and allow themselves a little frivolity of composition. Drop yokes and flaring skirts, not so long as the figures, are noticeable among them. It is safe to predict that with things military imposing themselves everywhere else, the newly designed motor coats for spring will reflect something of military modes.

But to face the sterner requirements of the passing season in the North, coats of plush lined with a plain wool fabric, or of a wool fabric lined with plush, with hood attached, promise both comfort and style. And with them goes the comfortable thought that they may be made at a moderate price, and that there is no end of durability in them.

Discard Small Turban.

In Paris the leaders of fashion have discarded the small turban hat for the larger models of white satin. These stunning hats appear in a wide variety of shapes, with gracefully rolling brims or brims which flare more on one side than the other. The favorite, however, is the wide, straight-brimmed sailor, smoothly covered with white satin of a good quality. These are trimmed with a simple bow of white satin, the ends of which are sometimes fringed. Fantasies of plumage appear on a few models, but the majority are simply trimmed with the satin or mola.

The crowns of these hats are rather low, and the tops are unlined and scantily gathered about the edge.

A Fur Tip.

Two furs are very often combined in the small neckpieces and muffs—beaver and seal, seal and ermine, seal and leopard, ermine and monkey, breitschwanz and ermine or monkey, etc.; but the best looking sets shown are in one fur.

Handsome Coiffure Ornaments



IT is wonderful what miracles of improvement in looks can be brought about by means of the coiffure and its decorations. Only beautiful and audacious youth can afford to wear plain, severe styles of hairdressing. Waves that mitigate the austerity of straight lines, curls which suggest femininity, are almost invariably becoming. And aside from becomingness, a well-groomed appearance (more evident in the coiffure than anywhere) has a compelling charm in itself.

When the least and most tasteful of hair ornaments are worn, to set off the chic coiffure, a chance is given for the exercise of individual taste. There are many pretty hair ornaments, unpretentious and elegant, that any clever woman can fashion for herself. Nearly all of the new ones are made of strands of small rhinestones, used in single or double bands, about the head, in the manner of Greek bands. But with them flowers, feathers, or velvet ornaments are used.

Two of the best designs are shown here and one hardly needs more than the picture to be able to go about copying them. One consists of a rhinestone band sewed to a fine silk-covered wire which terminates in a loop at each end. A hairpin thrust through

these loops holds the band in place and is concealed under a strand of hair.

Fastened on the band at one side is a cluster of grayish blue full-blown roses of velvet, with small sprays of tiny rose foliage in sage green. One might wear such subdued colors with almost any costume. The sparkle of the rhinestones gives life to the pretty affair, and altogether its beauty makes an instant appeal.

The second ornament is made of a narrow bias strip of cerise velvet, hemmed in a very narrow hem at each side, into which a fine shirring wire is run. It is mounted with rhinestones supported by silk-covered wires, as in the first ornament described. The velvet terminates in a long pointed ear, outlined with a strand of rhinestones. Rhinestones are to be had set in tiny bands, and sell at a moderate price by the yard in dry goods stores. Other head accessories and strands of pearl beads are used for making hair ornaments, also narrow fancy ribbons and braids. If in making the last ornament described, bright green velvet, instead of cerise color, is used the handsomest of decorations for white hair is the result.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Wisely Planed Dresses.

Two little girls whose mother liked to keep them in white, kept the white frocks and stockings clean only as long as the proverbial "dabbe" of a lamb's tail. So the mother changed her plan and made them little dresses of striped seersucker, with bloomers to match. The dresses are made in kimono style, with large fit and collar of plain gingham, which match the stripes. The brown-and-white striped dresses have brown collars outlined with rather a coarse feather

stitching in white, which is very effective, the pink collars on the pink-and-white striped dresses are embroidered with a simple design in cross-stitch in pink and dull green, and the blue dresses have a line of French braid around the collar. The children wear tan stockings and russet shoes, wearing the stockings and dresses two days.

The man who sits down and hopes for the best doesn't eat it.

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt.—"We were great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and I had headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me."—Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.



An Honest Dependable Medicine. It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Cause for Thankfulness.

In a Sunday school in a northern town there was one little negro girl in the class.

The teacher asked each little girl to think of something that she should be thankful for.

Each girl told of some special blessing that was hers. When she came to the little negro girl she said: "Now, Sadie, what is your special blessing?"

"Dat my face is black an' I don't have to wash it but once a week," was the reply.

TENDER SENSITIVE SKINS

Quickly Soothed by Cuticura. Nothing Better. Trial Free.

Especially when preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap. Many comforting things these fragrant super-creamy emollients may do for the skin, scalp, hair and hands and do it quickly, effectively and economically. Also for the toilet, bath and nursery. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postpaid, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Send everywhere.—Adv.

Must Be. "You say that she is sending you letters back unopened. Then you may be sure that she has given you up."

"Why?" "Well, it shows that her contempt is greater than her curiosity."

A hen sits still and earns her corn, but it's powerful few men who can do it.—Macor News.

A blanket mortgage will keep the mortgagee hopping if not warm.—Deseret News.

A Stitch in Time

Colds, fevers and germ diseases are pretty sure to overwork the kidneys and leave them weak. In convalescence, in fact, at any time when suspicion is aroused by a lame, aching back, rheumatic pains, headache, dizziness or disordered urine, the use of Doan's Kidney Pills is a stitch in time that may avoid serious kidney disease.

No other medicine is so widely used, so freely recommended or so generally successful.

A Missouri Case

"Doan's Kidney Pills," says: "My kidneys acted too freely and I was cutting pain through my back. My head ached until I thought it would split and there were swellings under my eyes. I couldn't work, lost weight and was all run down. After doan's Kidney Pills I was cured and I haven't suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, Box 508 DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.